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In The Wide Horizon

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College of DuPage

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Once there was a man
who was tall and strong
and held his ideals
in a tightly clenched fist.

Once there was a woman
who saw this man
and when their eyes met
they quickly turned away.

But it was too late —
their souls had spoken.
They started to circle one another
— big ones at first
then they got smaller
and smaller
till one day
late at night
they reached out
and gently held hands.

At just that moment
a tiny little star
came floating down from the sky
and landed in their hands.
— They looked in each other's eyes
and this time they didn't turn away.

This man and this woman
shared their dreams
and secrets
and they played
and laughed
and loved
until she got busy
and he grew tired
and he got busier
and she grew weary
and they stopped playing
and didn't dream so much anymore
— and their precious little star grew dim.

The man shouted, "Look what happened!"
but he was tired and heavy
and wanted to lay down their star.

The woman woke up and cried, "No!"
she wanted to protect it
— cup it gently in their hands
till it grew strong again.

But the man said, "No, we must
watch it from a distance
to see if it comes back to us."

The woman was scared
and she cried.

The star never returned to
the man and the woman
— it fluttered a few times
but it eventually burned out —
and the whole universe grew dimmer
without the light
of that one tiny little star

Annette Selsavage

IN THE WIDE HORIZON

Glaring, the sun deepened
into the sky's pocket.
Its brilliant glows back-dropped
the jaded hills.
Pine skeletons crocheted
a mirrored pond —
then a dark-coated mare
stole its place . . .

Ann Krischon

Algenon, You Hairy Beast, I Love You

While the billowing clouds
puff the final scents of summer,
The evening breeze matts your fur
As you sit in your "just so" way
on the sun dried grass.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I admire you.

The Spring dabbles dew
on your furry paws,
The tulips tingle
to your unearthly charm,
The lake ripples in harmony
with your musical bark.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I am devoted to you.

The day you ran
from the warmth of our home,
I wept and wept
for you to come back
And when you finally returned,
I drop-kicked your small body
across the itchen.
"Purely out of love," I whispered
into your ringing ears.
The birds chirped,
and the stars circled overhead.
But you understood.
Algenon, you hairy beast, I love you.

Chris Neesley

GRAFFITI

Undoubtedly it's perversion
that makes me write your name
on every wall
of every public place
or private.
In library books, on bus windows,
carved in a chocolate cake
and in salt split on the tabletop.
Sadly, I can't stop, even though
I know
you are above reading messages
furtively left you
on an unsigned wall.

Kathy Schmidt

NEBULA

Veils of dust and gas
Excited by a central star
Become
A source of light within
A bejeweled nebula.
Like verses are these threads of gas and dust.
Contracting, increasing in density, painfully shaping.
Yet becoming unraveled in an auroraed wind.

Marie Ford